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LETTER

TO A

Right Honourable PERSON.

And the Anſwer to it, Tranſlated into Verſe, as nearly as the different Idioms of PROSE and POETRY will allow,

With Notes Hiſtorical, Critical, Political, *&c.*

LONDON:

Printed for W. NICOLL in St. Paul's Church Yard.

MDCCLXI.

AC 911.1761.L734

L E T T E R

T O A

The PREFACE.

WHEN firſt, of a thouſand times, I read theſe curious epiſtles, which here I conſecrate to rhime and immortality; when I found them equally fraught with hiſtorical truth, as with political wiſdom; equally diſtinguiſhed for elegance of language, and accuracy of ſtyle, I lamented, that they were compoſed of periſhable, proſaick materials. With what ſincere concern did I reflect, that they muſt ſoon, too ſoon! be loſt to remembrance, or be ſent, with their news-papers, perhaps, to *Jamaica* to exerciſe the criticiſm of ſugar-planters, Negroes and Creolians? I deplored the fate of the great man, to whom the ſecond letter is addreſſed, whoſe *good* fame, *o tempora, o mores!* is hardly likely to ſurvive his virtue, even in a monument, erected to the VIRO IMMORTALI.

I CONSIDERED from whence this calamity could ariſe, and I was immediately convinced, that if Homer had written the wrath of Achilles, or Virgil the loves of Dido in proſe, the hero and the heroine muſt have long ſince experienced the common fate of mortality. The Muſes, the Muſes alone, have the privilege of giving immortality. *Muſa vetat mori.* Yet even the Muſes cannot give it in proſe. Shall it then hereafter be ſaid, that two ſuch perſonages, as theſe writers

 appear

appear to be in each other's Letters; ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed for their integrity, patriotiſm, abilities and, how tender is the expreſſion! for their *kind friendſhip*, (a) ſhall they die, like mere mortals, *quia carent vate ſacro*; becauſe, *No bard had they to make all time their own?*

Animated by theſe, and other reflexions, equally powerful, I determined to ſnatch theſe charming letters from oblivion; to give them to immortality, by *doing* them into verſe, as nearly as the different idioms of proſe and poetry can allow; and then to place them in friendly oppoſition to each other, like pictures hung in contraſt to illuſtrate each other's beauties.

That they are equally ſuſceptible of all the moſt luxurious ornaments of poetry, every critick muſt allow; nor, if he be a critick of any tolerable ſagacity, can he heſitate, even a moment, in pronouncing, that they are the works of the ſame maſter. Is there not the ſame everlaſting length of period; the ſame manly diſregard to grammar; the ſame looſe, unconnected texture of expreſſion; the ſame inconcluſive, unconſequential reaſoning, ſo peculiarly fitted to the freedom and eaſe of epiſtolary writing? Beauties, like theſe, it is confeſſed, have a kind of originality, which it is almoſt impoſſible to preſerve in a tranſlation. The ſpirit evaporates in the transfuſion; like that of the new-invented æther, the moment the bottle is uncorked. Yet the reader will find, that this originality hath been boldly attempted, and his candour will determine, I hope, not unfavourably, of the ſucceſs.

In the conſcioufneſs of meriting that *ſucceſs* by the *fidelity* of this tranſlation, I ſhall venture to aſſert, what few modern tranſlators can

(a) Vid. Mr. P--t's Letter.

preſume

preſume to aſſert, that it ſometimes riſes ſuperior, in ſublimity and beauty, even to the original. This ſuperiority, no doubt, proceeds from a ſecret charm, that in general, animates the language of poetry, and particularly from the harmony of the numbers, which I have, not injudiciouſly, choſen. Be it known, therefore, to all criticks, ſtudious of poetical harmony, that doggrel is the proper meaſure for the ſublime ideas of modern patriotiſm, panegyrick and addreſſes, of which I ſhall convince the world, as ſoon as a certain addreſs to his M-----y, I beg pardon, I mean to his miniſter, ſhall make its appearance.

But not panegyrick alone, nor patriotiſm have their proper and peculiar meaſures in poetry. When the ladies write love letters, all the numbers are elegiack. When our patriot-commoner raiſes his voice to aſſert the rights of the people; to deplore the errours of adminiſtration, or to vindicate his own injured reputation from the miſrepreſentations of credulity and calumny, his diction inſtantly aſſumes the pomp of blank verſe. Laſtly, when Mr. P--t and Mr. B----d oblige the world with a private publick correſpondence, the mutual acknowledgements of each other's merit; their *kind* profeſſions of friendſhip and eſteem naturally ſink together into doggrel.

I confess I cannot think, or talk of poetry, without feeling a kind of extacy and enthuſiaſm. Even ſatire is inſipid; even a lampoon is intolerable, without the muſick of poetical compoſition. I honour the French for be-rhiming Moliere's proſaick comedies, nor do I deſpair of hearing the gentle melody of rhime among the ſoft improvements of modern tragedy, inſtead of the barbarous diſſonance of blank verſe; that half-akin to proſe. However, I am in chriſtian charity; I bear no malice to proſe or proſemen. I think it falls down very

very naturally in notes, remarks and annotations to the bottom of the page. Witneſs doctor W---n's two huge columns of criticiſm to ſupport and explain two lines of Mr. Pope's poetry. In humble imitation of this right-reverend canoniſt in criticiſm, I have bottomed my pages with notes *variorum*. I do not mean the *variorum* of perſons only, but of learning, morality, politicks, and panegyrick. I confeſs, I have almoſt exhauſted my common place-book; no matter; I ſhall eaſily fill it again with quotations of learning from our illuſtrious moderns, and maxims of politicks from the common council at Guildhall.

THE publick, no doubt, in gratitude, as well as curioſity, will expect to be informed, WHO and WHAT are the writers, to whom they are obliged for theſe letters: who have publiſhed them of their own, *ſpontaneous* bounty, *unſolicited*, and *unmerited*, as the penſions of Kings: who is this right honourable perſon, and his friend Mr.-----: this *pius Æneas* and his *fidus Achates*; this ſecond Sir James H----s, who vouches for the ſentiments of the city.

THE laſt Hague Gazette has tranſlated one of theſe letters into French and aſſures us, that it is written by the right honourable Mr. Pitt to the Lord Mayor of London, whom it frequently ſtyles, MON CHER MONSIEUR. It likewiſe informs us, that Mr. Pitt, although diſmiſſed from his office, yet regularly attends the frequent councils, held at court. But as we have ſome reaſon to believe, that this intelligence is a little premature; that it is, at preſent, and probably will be for ever a miſtake, we may therefore believe, there may poſſibly be ſome miſtake in the other inſtance. If indeed it were only a trivial anachroniſm, in calling Mr. B----d, MY LORD; or might we think it prophetick

phetick of the next year's mayoralty, then would I cry out with Coreggio, *I too am a painter.*

> Then ſhould creolian B----d, like himſelf,
> Start from the Canvas in his native Hues,
> The bronze tartarean, and Jamaica tint,
> Sun-burnt and deep enamell'd,

Then ſhould he ſtand in oratorial attitude, haranguing, *loud*, his and his friend's fifteen aldermen; their hundred common-council. *But ſuch eternal blazon muſt not be to ears of fleſh and blood.*

Now to my taſk adventurous. *Caſta, O, Lucina, fave. Diva, producas ſobolem, and give the ſpringing birth to light.*

A LETTER from a Right Honourable Perſon to ------- in the City, faithfully *done* into Verſe *&c.*

DEAR SIR,

[1] HAVING found with Surpriſe, that my late [2] Reſignation,
Both in Manner and Cauſe, by [3] Miſrepreſentation
Hath been groſsly abus'd: that his majeſty's Grace,
Which follow'd, [4] *ſpontaneous*, my quitting my Place,
Hath

NOTES.

[1] *Finding with Surpriſe.* Original. *Voyant à mon grand etonnement*, ſays the Hague Gazette. How does a Dutch, or a French man dare to tranſlate the Writings of our Britiſh Miniſter? Can they have any Conception of his ſublime Ideas? He has expreſſed, by the Word *ſurpriſe*, the gentleſt emotion of the human Heart; while that of *etonnement* implies not only a turbulence of Paſſion, but a Diſorder of the Underſtanding, unworthy of the right honourable Perſon. *Nil admirari* is the motto of a great Man.

MONITOR.

[2] *Reſignation.* Why Reſignation? I hate the Word. No; it was an envious, malignant Faction, at a certain Board, that forced from his Majeſty's Councils the only Perſon, capable of directing them; that compelled him to quit the Service of the Publick. His Advice was rejected. The Plans he had formed, and the Meaſures he had calculated for the Good of the Nation, were oppoſed. After all his Labours of *Fidelity* and *Succeſs*, a Peace, diſhonourable, *no doubt*, and diſadvantageous, was to be concluded. He therefore prudently quitted an Employment, where he could not continue with Honour, and where neither his Abilities, nor his Integrity could be any longer ſerviceable to his Country.

VOX POPULI.

[3] *Is groſsly miſrepreſented &c.* Original: *ſont deguiſés a la ville.* Hague Gazette. What a cold Expreſſion of that animated Indignation, which fires the Original!

Groſsly

Hath been ſlander'd moſt baſely, and vilely perverted
To a [5] Bargain, for having the Publick deſerted,
The Truth of theſe Facts I am forc'd to proclaim,
[6] And the Manner, no Gentleman ſurely will blame.

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Groſsly miſrepreſented! In theſe two Words, he proves his Integrity, juſtifies his Conduct, and vindicates the Conſciouſneſs of his own Worth. What Ideas are theſe! What Power of Language! No wonder, that the French Tongue ſhould ſink under ſuch imagery, when the French Monarchy has already ſunk under his Abilities, and the Weight of his Adminiſtration.

MONITOR.

[4] *Spontaneous.* That his Majeſty's Bounty was uncontrouled, uninfluenced, and freely flowing from the munificence of his own Nature, no Man ever doubted; none ever denied. Such, we apprehend, is the Meaning of the Word *ſpontaneous*. To ſay, that this Bounty was *unmerited*, is indeed a Compliment juſtly paid to his Generoſity, though paid, perhaps, not without ſome Reproach to his Diſcernment. That it was *unſolicited*, is urged rather too incautiouſly, and may hereafter admit of a Diſpute. Happy for the right honourable Perſon had he reſted his Defence, in this Article of it, upon the natural Goodneſs of his Prince. A grateful People would have unanimouſly acknowledged the Juſtice of his Plea.

ALL THE COMMENTATORS IN ALL THE LANGUAGES OF EUROPE.

[5] *Traduced as a Bargain.* Yes, an infamous, betraying Bargain. Princes, however bounteous and munificent; however naturally inclined to Acts of Grace and Favour, are not apt to reward the Perſon, who refuſes to ſerve them, and, with ſome very diſobliging Circumſtances, refuſes. There muſt, therefore, ſuch is the ſtrong Concluſion, have been ſome ſecret Merit in this, otherwiſe unaccountable, Reſignation, and more than Royal Bounty in this Grant of Penſions and Honours.

THE TEST.

[6] *And the Manner.* In the Original, *in a manner, which I am ſure no Gentleman will contradict.* How greatly has the Engliſh Language, as well as the Engliſh Nation, been obliged to the Writer of this Epiſtle! How many new Words, or new Meanings for old ones; how many new Modes of Expreſſion has he introduced into it! How is it poſſible, therefore, to mention either him or them without a Note of Admiration!

WITH regard to the Inſtance before us; to *contradict* the Aſſertion of an Opinion, a Fact, a Truth or Falſhood, by aſſerting the contrary, is the conſtant Meaning and Uſage of the Word. This *contradicting* the manner is totally new to our Language. The French Tranſlator, no wonder, hath wholly

loſt

[7] That I, and the Council were of different Opinions
Of Importance to Britain, her Crown and Dominions,
Regarding the Meaſures we ſhould take againſt Spain
(Yet pray, my dear Sir, underſtand what I mean)
Not founded on what ſhe may now be deſigning,
But what ſhe has done, was my cauſe for reſigning.

[8] Lord TEMPLE and I ſubmitted in writing,
And ſign'd by us both, our Project for fighting,

But

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loſt the elegant jargon of the original expreſſion and ideas, when he renders it, *d'une maniere, qui ne repugne nullement a la probite. A manner by no means repugnant to probity.* Our Engliſh tranſlator, too, has loſt the ſpirit of the ſentiment by coldly endeavouring to make it intelligible. *The manner no gentleman ſurely will blame.*

CRITICAL REVIEW.

[7] *That I and the Council.* I will not interrupt my Reader's good Humour, or damp my own Spirit of Poetry, or loſe the Pleaſure of contemplating, admiring, and criticiſing theſe excellent Epiſtles, by entering, at preſent, into a grave Inquiry into the Honourable Gentleman's Reaſons for reſigning. If any of my readers, however, are impatient to ſee this Affair ſet in its true Light, and conſidered, in all its Circumſtances, with that Attention it certainly deſerves, they may find, at the latter end of this Work, their Curioſity ſufficiently gratified.

THE TRANSLATOR.

[8] LORD TEMPLE. Le Lord Temple, ſays the Gazette——but why not in capital Letters... What an Indignity to the noble Lord? Correct it therefore, all ye Readers, of Delicacy and Taſte, according to the Honour, with which the Great man honours his Lordſhip, and read with the Original, LORD TEMPLE & moi avons ſoumis *tres humblement* au Roi nos ſentimens & ſignés *de notre main.* What a Parcel of Blunders are here? To controul his Majeſty's Prerogative; to take from Him his private Right of judging; to govern his Council, and to *guide* his Meaſures, theſe were, indeed, their *moſt humble Sentiments*; but where did this Tranſlatorfind their *tres humblement*; their Humility of ſubmitting theſe Sentiments to THE BEST OF SOVEREIGNS? Then the *ſignés de notre main*——what a miſerable Tranſlation of that Hardineſs of Expreſſion, ſuperior to the formal Rules of Grammar, *We ſubmitted in Writing, and ſigned by us!* But all the Men of Learning among the French are now ſtudying our Language, and

But as the whole Council againſt us combin'd,
On the fifth of this Inſtant the Seals I reſign'd,
That I might not hereafter for meaſures be try'd,
[9] Which I was not allow'd any longer to guide.
Moſt gracious the Marks of the King's Approbation,
[10] That follow'd, not went before, my Reſignation,

No

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and will hereafter be ſenſible of the untranſlatable Beauties of this divine Epiſtle.

CRITICAL REVIEW.

AH! Poor Lord Temple! When, according to a facetious Friend of mine, he had opened the Sentence in ſo CAPITAL a Manner, he ought ſurely to have held his Dignity to the End of it. If I remember rightly, his Lordſhip too has reſigned. Was there then no *ſecret* Merit in his Reſignation, that might entitle Him to the *Honour* of a Penſion? or was he introduced here, as inſignificantly as into the Cabinet, *tantum ut exiret?*

THE TEST.

[9] *Which I was no longer* &c. We have in this Paſſage an inconteſtable Proof of the Precipitation, with which this Letter was given to the Publick: a remainder, perhaps, of that precipitate Spirit, which hurried the Gentleman to reſign. In the laſt Sentence, *a Difference of Opinion was the Cauſe of my reſigning the Seals*; but here, *I reſigned the Seals——in Order, not to remain reſponſible* &c.

We do not mention theſe Miſtakes in any Suſpicion of the Right Honourable Perſon's Veracity. He hath given the World a moſt convincing Proof of his Zeal for *the Honour of Truth*, by divulging thoſe Secrets, which he was engaged by an Oath of Council never to reveal, without his M——y's Permiſſion.

IMPARTIAL.

[10] *Followed my Reſignation.* How pitiable is it, to ſee a great Man in the Diſtreſs of endeavouring to vindicate his Reputation by nice and ſubtle Diſtinctions; or palliating an infamous *Bargain* with trivial Circumſtances of to day, and to morrow!

HUMANITY.

What does this impertinent Critick mean by his *pitiable*; a Term, that implies more of Contempt, than Compaſſion? Is this the Tenderneſs to *human Frailty*, for which he aſſumes the Title of HUMANITY? But to whom is the Gentleman ſuppoſed to make theſe ſubtle, theſe palliating Diſtinctions? To whom is he reſponſible for having *graciouſly* and *gratefully* accepted theſe Honours and Penſions; the *ſpontaneous* marks of his M——ty's Bounty? Certainly not to the People. It were an In-

 dignity

No Merit I boaſted, no Penſion I crav'd,
Yet with Pride, from the beſt of all Sovereigns, receiv'd.

For the Honour of Truth I theſe Matters explain,
Nor any Man's Confidence wiſh to regain,
Who with a Credulity, weak as unjuſt,
Can ſuſpect one of baſely betraying his Truſt,
Who long ſerv'd his Country with Zeal and Succeſs,
[11] And rais'd her to glory from Shame and Diſtreſs:
Who juſtly the candid and upright reveres,
But the baſe and capricious nor values, nor fears.
I beg, my dear Sir, my beſt Thanks you'll receive
For all your [12] *kind Friendſhip*, and will always believe,
That I am &c. &c. &c.

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dignity to Virtue; a betraying her ſacred Intereſts; for Horace hath long ſince determined, that Virtue

Nec ſumit, nec ponit ſecures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.

Neither, Aſſumes her Honours, nor declines,
As the light Air of Crouds uncertain veers.

FRANCIS's HORACE.

With regard to his Penſion, why ſhould it be expected, that this Gentleman ſhould make himſelf the ſingle romantick Inſtance of being virtuous for nothing? *Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipſam, Præmia ſi tollas?* Did not Sir T——s R——n, and L^d H——and——&c. reſign for their Penſions? Or look upon the Liſt of Iriſh Patriots and Penſioners, then tell me, Critick, whether Penſions can be infamous.

CLASSICAL.

[11] *And rais'd her to glory &c.* This Line, it is acknowledged, is not in the Original. It is given to the Gentleman's ſingular Modeſty in ſpeaking of Himſelf.

TRANSLATOR.

[12] *Kind Friendſhip.* How amiable are theſe acknowledgements in a great Man! In general, if Ingratitude be all the vices, *ingratum ſi dixeris*, then certainly Gratitude is all the Virtues. But what Obligations, what proofs of this *kind Friendſhip* could our great Man have received from

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from the Gentleman, to whom this Letter is ſuppoſed to have been written, except the following Specimen of his Genius for Panegyrick may be deemed an Obligation? It has not yet been given to the Publick, but whoever is the leaſt acquainted with him, will acknowledge it to be genuine. Indeed his Manner, his Language, and his Elocution are all equally inimitable. It is only neceſſary to inform my Readers, that the Speech, from whieh this little Extract is taken, was pronounced upon the Motion, made by the Miniſter for erecting a Monument to the Memory of General Wolfe.

SIR,

" I have liſtened to every Word, that " *has fell* from my honourable Friend, and " I *riſe up* to ſecond his motion. It were " Preſumption in me, or in any Man, to " attempt to add any thing to what he has " ſaid on this melancholy Occaſion. But " while I feel for the General, I alſo feel " for the Miniſter, who called him forth " to this Expedition. Here *was* no Parliamentary Intereſts, no family Connexions, no ariſtocratical Views. No; " nothing of *that there* Kind. Wolfe was " made for the Stateſman, and the Statesman was made for Wolfe. There were " many Circumſtances ſimilar between " them. Wolfe had Gentleneſs and Modeſty; ſo had the Miniſter. Wolfe loſt " his Life, and the Miniſter has hazarded " his Head, for his Country. I had not " the Honour of being acquainted with " General Wolfe, but I never ſaw any " Man look more like a Soldier. He " was a Soldier, and a Soldier's Friend— " I confeſs, Sir, I am much embarraſſed,-- " and yet — I am not uſually much em- " barraſſed."

Here the aſſembly, as ſorry as they were, burſt out a laughing.

END of the firſt LETTER.

The

The following Letter was generouſly communicated to us by the Writer himſelf.

DEAR SIR,

[1] THE City of London muſt for ever forget,
Or always remember, They are much in Your Debt,

And

NOTES.

[1] *The City of London.* What an Opening is here! The *vaſtoque immanis hiatu* is nothing to it. How alarming! How full of Expectation! Criticks may tell us of the modeſt Opening befitting an Epick Poem, but if Ariſtotle were to riſe from the Dead, and give us Rules for epiſtolary Writing, he would take from this Example, the pathetick, animating Spirit of beginning all future Letters. THE CITY OF LONDON! that is, the Capital of the World; the Miſtreſs of Commerce; the Centre of Trade; whoſe Shopkeepers are Politicians; whoſe Aldermen are Inſtructors to their Repreſentatives in Parliament, and whoſe Common-Council Men are —— it is impoſſible to ſay, what they are. What Ideas are theſe! What Images!

ALL THE COMMENTATORS
paſſim & univerſaliter.

What a Parcel of ignorant Blockheads are all the Commentators, paſt, preſent, and to come, with their *paſſim & univerſaliter*, which, for aught I know, may be better than our City Latin. Not to know, that the City of London *are* only fifteen Aldermen and ninety Common-Council-Men! Yet theſe Fellows call themſelves Criticks, forſooth, and Commentators!

SIR JAMES HODGES.

What! My old Friend, Sir James, again got into Print, and preſenting us *with the Key of Knowledge!* Yet his Knighthood might have remembered, that ſix thouſand Perſons in London vote for Members of Parliament, and that *his* City, who *ſend their* Inſtructions to thoſe Members, *are* very little more than one poor, paltry hundred. What then? The Secretary acknowledges their Authority, and bows himſelf to

their

And that [2] You accepted the Seals, when the Nation——
[3] Sure never was Country in ſuch Tribulation ;
That our Armies were beaten, our Navy was laid
Inactive in Port, and expos'd was our Trade ;

That

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their Title. In one unſtopped Period of one hundred and eighty Words, brave Words, indeed! magnanimous and ſounding, he requeſts Sir James *to expreſs his high Senſe of the ſignal Honour* — then, *their condeſcending and favourable Reſolution* — then once again, the *Honour, which he receives with true Reverence and Gratitude, not without Confuſion at his own ſmall Deſervings*— Was there ever ſuch a Farce?

THE TEST.

[2] *You accepted the Seals.* What Condeſcenſion! He ſuffered himſelf to be prevailed on to accept! As a further Proof of his Modeſty, he informed the late King, when he *accepted* the Seals, that he had never turned his Thoughts to conſider the Nature of that Office, or had ever read any Treatiſe upon the Subject. Yet, even then, he was determined not to accept of any other Employment.

ANECDOTE.

[3] *Never was Country reduced, &c.* The Writer here brings to our Remembrance the inglorious State of our Affairs, when the honourable Perſon accepted the Seals. He fills the Scene with every gloomy, melancholy Circumſtance, that he may afterwards preſent us with a more chearful Proſpect of our Situation, when the Gentleman reſigned. Thus an able Painter deepens and darkens the Ground of his Pictures, to give a greater Warmth to his Colouring, and a bolder Relief to his Figures.

TASTE.

Theſe may, poſſibly, be Remarks of Taſte, with regard to painting, but the Letter-Writer might well have been forgiven, if he had a little leſs wantonly indulged himſelf in the Pleaſure of deſcribing the Calamities of his Country. Who does not honour his Friend's Abilities, and acknowledge his good Fortune? Yet it, ſurely, was by no means neceſſary to the Vindication of his Integrity or Wiſdom in reſigning, to ſet him in Oppoſition to the noble Duke, who had the Conduct of our Affairs at that Time of national Diſgrace and Diſtreſs. Let it however be remembered, that our Patriot covered his Grace from the publick Reſentment by a mock Inquiry, and then joined with him in Adminiſtration.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

That our Credit was bankrupt with all Correſpondents,
[4] Abroad was Contempt, and at home was Deſpondence.
The City muſt alſo remember for ever,
That when you reſign'd, our Affairs were quite clever;
Our Armies triumphant, our Navies victorious,
And our Trade in a State, which it ne'er knew before us;
Our Credit reſtor'd, and the People more willing
To lend you a Million, than borrow a Shilling;
Our Foes in Deſpair at our high Exultation,
[5] And the Neutrals amaz'd in profound Veneration.

That

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[4] *Abroad was Contempt.* After this juſt and animated Deſcription, I do declare, I verily believe, that my Brother, who alone raiſed the Nation from this Diſtreſs, is not only the greateſt, but the only Man in the Kingdom: that in himſelf he is King, Lords, Commons, and Cabinet-council: that he is the Sailor's Intrepidity, the Soldier's Courage, and all the Money in the Treaſury; that he was Wolfe's happy Temerity, Amherſt's Conduct, and Prince Ferdinand's good Fortune, eſpecially at the Battle of Minden: that he was Anſon's Knowledge, Hawke's Reſolution, and Keppel's Ardour: that he withdrew his Spirit from Lord George, and from that Moment his Lordſhip ſunk into a C——d. All this, and more, I firmly believe.

LORD TEMPLE'S CREED.

Muſt we not conclude from his Lordſhip's Declaration of his political Faith, ſo ſolemnly pronounced, that Mr. Secretary had, by the Power of his Office, created the thirty thouſand Troops he ſent to Germany, and coined his twenty annual Millions, for continental Armies, Subſidies and Expeditions. How could a Nation, *reduced to a State of Bankruptcy*, raiſe theſe Millions; how could *our beaten Armies* reaſſume the Courage of Britons? Impoſſible. One Miracle more we muſt acknowledge he has performed. He has made his noble Brother equally an Orator in the Houſe, and a Politician in the Cabinet.

CREDULITY.

[5] *Amazement and Veneration among all neutral Nations.* Who could imagine, that all theſe fine Words, *nothing but Exultation at home, Confuſion and Deſpair among our Enemies*, could end in our being treated by thoſe very Enemies, with Inſolence and Contempt? The French, it ſeems, *were reduced ſo low as to ſue for a Peace*, though

That the French were reduc'd to ſo low a Condition,
As to ſue for a Peace, and we heard their Petition;
But they were too haughty, and we were too great,
Our ſucceſſes too many, to know how to treat.

[6] But if Knaves have taught Fools to call your Reſignation
Betraying your Truſt, and deſerting your Station,
(When you are prevented, alas! from purſuing
The Meaſures, that ſtill might preſerve us from Ruin)
If they in the Light of a Penſion regard
[7] A Reward, that ſcarce merits the Name of Reward,

Yet

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though their Haughtineſs was too great, and our Succeſſes too many, for any Terms to be agreed on. Who can explain this Jargon? Impoſſible. Such reaſoning has ſomething too abſurd for Laughter, too perplexed to be explained. Whence is it, that two Gentleman, who are ſuch excellent Speakers, can be ſuch lamentable Writers? Why did they not employ ſome of the critical Reviewers to endeavour to expreſs ſomething like a Meaning for them? Even the Monitor could not have written ſuch Nonſenſe. But what ſhall be ſaid of the Miniſter, whoſe *Fidelity and Succeſs* have rendered his Country thus contemptibly glorious, and thus impotently ſucceſsful?

COMMON SENSE.

[6] *But if Knaves have taught Fools.* The old Diviſion of Mankind, in Matters of Religion, Politicks, Morals, Genius, Arts and Sciences. All, who are of our Opinion, are Wiſe and Honeſt; all, who are of a contrary Opinion, are Knaves and Fools. The Maxim holds true, from Mr Beckford, the Alderman, to Mr Pitt, the Secretary.

UNIVERSAL.

[7] *A Reward, that ſcarce merits &c A fooliſh Figure,* in the Language of Polonius; a rhetorical Antitheſis, for which both the honourable and right honourable Gentlemen are equally diſtinguiſhed. Yet this Reward, that, ſo it ſeems to this Alderman's Generoſity, *ſcarce deſerves the Name of Reward*, may poſſibly coſt the Nation an hundred thouſand Pounds. A Nation, almoſt exhauſted by the profuſion and Projects of this very Miniſter.

CRITICISM AND HISTORY.

This

Yet the City of London, from one End to t'other,
Hope ne'er to be rank'd among one, or the other.
They are ſenſible, all for the Good of the Realm,
That You ſtill are on Board, tho' you've quitted the Helm;
That you ſtill will be ready, [8] ſpite of Penſions and Peerage,
Over Rocks, and through Quickſands to manage the Steerage,
[9] The Crew to adviſe, and the Pilot to guide,
Till ſafe in her Port the good Veſſel ſhall ride.

Theſe,

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This Reward, I do aſſert, was as inconſiderable, with regard to his Fortune, as it was unequal to his merit. This paltry three thouſand a Year was not ſufficient to maintain a ſet of Horſes. They muſt have coſt him three hundred.

THE MONITOR.

What! our Patriot Miniſter, at laſt, takes a Reward for ſerving his Country! Surely, the very Name of Patriotiſm will become a Term of Mockery and Ridicule. Yet I remember, when the late Mr Pulteney, after being the Patriot of a twenty year's Oppoſition, was buried in Infamy and an Earldom, another Haranguer for Liberty aroſe, and was believed. A People, who can lightly give away their Confidence to theſe Talkers, will never want ſuch Patriots.

DAILY JOURNAL.

[8] *Penſioner as you are.* Says the Original; a Liberty of Expreſſion, which the Tranſlator dares not venture. Yet, however always vehement, and ſometimes eloquent againſt Penſioners, the right honourable Perſon was never, in his Heart, an Enemy to Penſions. Witneſs a Letter, ſtill in Being, to a noble Duke, and dated ſome five years ago, ſoliciting his Grace's Intereſt with his late Majeſty for a Penſion.

SECRET HISTORY.

And Peerage. Why was this moſt honourable Part of the Reward forgotten by the Writer of this Letter? Yet with regard to this Barony of Chatham, which is to deſcend to his Poſterity, what a noble Diſregard hath he ſhewn for the Pride and Vanity of Titles, by giving them to his Lady and Son? Gewgaws fit for Women and Children; while he himſelf continues a Commoner, and one of the People; while he holds his Seat among their Repreſentatives.

TRANSLATOR.

[9] *To warn him and the Crew.* The Commons of Great Britain, by their Repreſentatives

Theſe, Sir, are the Sentiments, zealous and fervent,
[10] I believe of the City, I am ſure of your Servant,
and moſt obedient &c.

NOTES.

preſentatives in Parliament aſſembled, are the Crew, ſuppoſed to be on board this ancient Type of the Common-wealth. But what *Part* will our Miniſter *act* on board this imaginary Veſſel? Will he, who has reſigned his Employment from motives of Honour and Conſcience; will he ſit down in ſilent Approbation of publick Meaſures, or will he, with his own dictatorial Spirit, oppoſe in Parliament, what he diſapproved in Council? Can Honour and Conſcience; can Patriotiſm and the Arguments of Reaſon, loſe their eternal Nature by the trivial Alterations of Place, or Employment? But, I fear, I am aſking Queſtions, which his Paſſions, do not, at preſent, allow him, and which his Judgement never will be able, to anſwer.

ANONYMOUS.

[10] *I believe, of the City.* Let the Reader acknowledge and admire our Alderman's Integrity. Through the whole long Length of his Letter, he has poſitively affirmed, that theſe are the Sentiments of the City. But here upon better Recollection, he modeſtly confeſſes, that he only *believes*. I am afraid, that not many of his Readers will join with him even in this modeſt Belief.

CANDID.

Difficult as it was and arduous, my Taſk is finiſhed. Let me then congratulate my Readers and myſelf, that we ſhall part in the ſame good humour, with which we met. The right honourable Gentleman and his Citizen may perhaps bring us together again by generouſly obliging the Publick with their future Correſpondence. Neither do I deſpair, of once more hearing our Patriot Commoner exerting his Eloquence againſt continental Meaſures, and once more declaring, " Not a man, not a " ſingle Guinea ſhall ever be ſent to Ger- " many." His Friends already aſſure us, that he holds himſelf uninfluenced by any Obligations, Honours or Penſions; and that whenever the Diſtreſs or Danger of his Country demands his Aſſiſtance, he will ſtand forth in her Defence. A motley Kind of Eloquence indeed, between the ſervile Compliances of a penſioned Courtier, and the patriot Spirit of a Tribune of the People.

THE TRANSLATOR.

END of the Second LETTER.

General Reflexions upon theſe LETTERS.

NEITHER in the Petulance of attempting to be a Wit, nor for the *poor Renown of being ſmart*, nor yet to vindicate, as may poſſibly be ſuſpected, my Reaſon by my Riſibility, did I aſſume the Tone and Air of Pleaſantry. The right honourable Perſon has made his Appeal to the Publick, and every Individual of that Publick is authoriſed to deliver his Sentiments upon it, in his own Manner, according to the Meaſure of his knowledge, his Abilities and Underſtanding. For my own Part, I was determined to try the Gentleman's Conduct by every Kind of Proof, even by that of Ridicule. If he ſinks under this Proof, which is generally allowed to be no mean Teſt of Truth, his Reſignation is blameable; and then it is of little Importance, by what Forms of Trial he ſtands condemned. If he can ſtand this Proceſs, he will come forth from it, like Gold from the Furnace, brighter and purer, and heavier.

SOME Expreſſions in theſe Papers may poſſibly be taxed with too much Levety, and others charged with too much Severity; yet when, in the firſt of theſe Letters, whoever *withdraws his good Opinion* from the right honourable Perſon is rated for *a Credulity, weak as injurious*, I preſume in common Senſe he means unjuſt; when, in the ſecond Letter, all, who differ from the Writer's Sentiments, are frankly called Fools and Knaves, ſurely ſuch Coarſeneſs of Expreſſion will juſtify all Kinds of Language in return.

I DO not make any over-earneſt Profeſſions of my own Impartiality, I do not think myſelf exempted from that common Lot of all human Under-

Underſtandings, the being placed between Reaſon and Paſſion; between Prejudice and Impartiality. I greatly fear, that our Friends are not always impartial; I truly believe, that our Enemies are not always malignant.

I CONFESS, I did not imagine this extraordinary Reſignation was an Object of ſuch preſent Importance, or that it would probably be productive of ſuch future Conſequences, either Good or Evil, as to require any mighty Solemnity in the manner of treating it; and perhaps the following Reflexions may convince my Readers, it was not for want of many a ſerious Argument, that I have choſen thoſe of Raillery and Ridicule. But here let me be permitted to lay before the Publick ſome Circumſtances concerning it, of which they have not been yet informed, and upon which they may with abſolute Certainty rely.

WHEN the right honourable Gentleman entered into Miniſtry, he found every thing yielding to his Ambition. The late King, whoſe Love for his native Country may juſtly be numbered among his Virtues, muſt have certainly been highly ſatisfied with a Miniſter, who ſo largely gratified his favourite Paſſion: who poured forth the Blood and Treaſures of Great Britain into Hanover, with a Profuſion, which no other Miniſter durſt have ventured, or muſt have ventured at the Hazard of his Head. Such were the Effects of that Influence, which he had gained over the People, by repeated Profeſſions of his Zeal for their Service; as if their Intereſts were not united with thoſe of the other great Members of the State, or as if they could, even in Idea, be ſeparated from thoſe of the Sovereign. His Majeſty's Servants in Council ſilently acquieſced, nor would I willingly it impute to them

them as a Crime, in this continental Prodigality. Every part of Adminiſtration concurred in a Compliance with his Directions ; I am aſhamed to ſay, in an implicite Obedience to his Commands. Fleets were equipped ; Regiments were raiſed, Expeditions appointed, and the Treaſury gave forth its Millions to his Order.

THUS did he exerciſe a Kind of Deſpotiſm, unknown to the Conſtitution, and deſtructive of every Idea of Liberty, until he was oppoſed, for the firſt Time, even by his own Account, oppoſed in a Meaſure too precipitate, too important and too unjuſt, to be complied with either by his Majeſty, or his Servants. He propoſed an immediate Declaration of War againſt Spain, at a Time, when ſhe was giving us every Aſſurance of her Inclination to preſerve the Peace and Amity, ſubſiſting between the two Nations, and which it is their mutual Intereſt to preſerve.

IT is hardly conceivable, that he could either deſire, or expect to ſucceed in ſuch an extravagant Propoſal. What ! to declare War, and commence Hoſtilities againſt a friendly Nation, without aſking a Satisfaction for any ſuppoſed Inſults, a Redreſs of Injuries, or even an Explanation of Grievances. The Laws of Nature and Nations ; the Obligations of Treaties ; the common Senſe of Equity and Reaſon equally diſclaim a Proceeding, ſo violent, ſo unjuſt.

BUT what have the Spaniards *already done* to provoke the Gentleman's Indignation, and juſtify his Reſentment ? He neither urged any particular Inſtance of their Partiality to the French ; nor any new Violations of our long-conteſted Rights to cutting Logwood, nor even their Injuſtice with regard to the Antigallican and her Prize, which, beſides ſome other Indignities, he temperately endured through the whole

whole Courſe of his Adminiſtration. But, ſo it ſeems, the Fulneſs of Time for his reſigning was not yet arrived ; he was not yet tired of *guiding* and governing. But when he had taken a nearer View of the Port, to which the Veſſel was driving with all the Sails he had crowded upon her ; when he ſaw the Rocks and Shallows and Breakers, that threatened his Entrance into the Harbour ; when he ſaw the Coaſt covered with the ſhip-wrecked Reputations of former Miniſters, he prudently quitted the Helm, and retired, a ſimple Paſſenger, to his Cabin.

But really what had Spain *already done?* She had written to France to deſire her good Offices with Great Britain ; that when her Miniſter was forming the general Articles of Peace, he might likewiſe pay ſome Attention to certain Matters of mutual Complaint between us and the Spaniards, which might poſſibly occaſion ſome future Rupture between the two Kingdoms, and diſturb the Tranquility of Europe. What is there either ſo injurious, or offenſive in this Proceeding, that could have juſtified the Nation in declaring War, or could particularly juſtify the Miniſter, who had born, with rather a too paſſive Spirit, ſome real Indignities from the Spaniards ; ſome real Injuſtice.

But Mr. Buſſy probably exceeded his Commiſſion, or executed it with Inſolence ; or if this Letter could reaſonably give Umbrage to us, why not call for an Explanation of it ? Why not demand a Copy of it, and if denied——— " No : the Spaniards will certainly de- " clare War againſt us. Let us prevent them." When it was urged, that they would think twice before they declared War againſt this Kingdom : " I will not give them Leave to think," was the ſpirited Anſwer of our Miniſter. " This is the Time ; let us cruſh the

" whole Houſe of Bourbon. But, if the Members of this Board " are of another Opinion, this is the laſt Time I ſhall ever mix in its " Counſels. I was called into Miniſtry by the Voice of the People, " and to them I hold myſelf anſwerable for my Conduct. I am to " thank the Miniſters of the *late* King for their Support. I have " ſerved my Country with Succeſs, but I will not be reſponſible for " the Conduct of the War any longer, than while I have the Di- " rection of it." This laſt Declaration was by no means equivocal. It was a frank and open Demand of an unlimited Authority, and unconditional Obedience.

THE noble Lord, who preſided in this Council; to whom Years have added the Wiſdom of Experience without abating the Vigour and Fire of Youth; whoſe natural and acquired Abilities are unqueſtionably as great, as ever this Gentleman could boaſt; who was himſelf as bold a Miniſter, as ever directed the Affairs of this Nations, made him this temperate Reply. " I find the Gentleman is determined to leave " us, nor can I ſay, I am ſorry for it; ſince he would otherwiſe " have certainly compelled us to leave *Him*. But if he be reſolv- " ed to aſſume the Right of adviſing his Majeſty, and directing " the Operations of the War, to what Purpoſe are we called to this " Council? When he talks of being reſponſible to the People, he " talks the Language of the Houſe of Commons, and forgets, that " at his Board, he is only reſponſible to the King. However, though " he may poſſibly have convinced himſelf of his Infallibility, ſtill it " remains, that we ſhould be equally convinced, before we can re- " ſign our Underſtandings to his Direction, or join with him in " the Meaſure he propoſes."

HE

He bore the Rebukings of this Anſwer without making any Reply, but he had gone too far, though perhaps not without repenting, to retreat. He therefore reſigned the Seals, which were received with an Eaſe and Firmneſs, which he probably very little expected. His Majeſty, with his uſual Goodneſs, expreſſed his Concern for the Loſs of ſo able a Servant, and to ſhew the favourable Senſe he entertained of his Services, was graciouſly pleaſed to make him an Offer of any Rewards in the Power of the Crown to beſtow. Then added, with regard to the Meaſure propoſed, that He would certainly have found himſelf under the greateſt Difficulty, how to have acted, even though the whole Council had concurred in ſupporting it. A Sentiment of infinite Honour to Him, who uttered it, not only as it aſſerts a royal Prerogative, which for the Good of his People He ſhould ever preſerve, but as it vindicates thoſe nobler Prerogatives of his Reaſon, his Underſtanding and his Conſcience. But theſe Prerogatives, in all Probability, the right honourable Gentleman never thought of. However, this Condeſcenſion, with which he was treated, affected him ſtrongly. " I confeſs, Sir, I had but too much Reaſon to expect " your Majeſty's Diſpleaſure. I did not come prepared for this ex- " ceeding Goodneſs. Pardon me Sir, ——— it over-powers; it op- " preſſes me." He burſt into Tears.

His Lady's Title, and his own Penſion, were ſettled next Day between Lord Bute and Him; when certainly the Title, and probably the Sum of the Penſion, was of his own *free* Choice. His Friends at firſt, warmly diſclaimed the Inſinuation of his taking a Penſion. They called it a baſe and momentary Artifice to blaſt his Reputation. They diſdained his receiving any Honours from a Maſter, whom he no longer thought proper to ſerve. " What Title," thus they

they exclaimed, " can be half ſo honourable, as being ſtyled the " Patriot Miniſter; the Miniſter of the People? What Honour can " deſcend to his Poſterity, equal to the hiſtorical Truth, that he " has ſaved his Country from Ruin and Reproach; that he has " raiſed her to Glory and Happineſs?" But ſince it is no longer an Inſinuation, that he has received his Penſion, ſince his accepting a Title for his Lady can be no longer an *Artifice of his Enemies*, his Friends endeavour to defend his *blaſted* Reputation.

THE beſt attempt for this Purpoſe, yet offered to the publick, is in a Pamphlet, entitled, *The Conduct of a right honourable Gentleman, juſtified by Facts, and upon the Principles of the Britiſh Conſtitution.* It is written with Temper, and has a Degree of Knowledge, though certainly not that of the Britiſh Conſtitution, rarely found among us Pamphleteers. His firſt Propoſition is, *that* Mr. Pitt *could not, conſiſtently with his own Safety, continue in the high Poſt he held, after being forced to deviate from the great Lines of conduct he had chalked out when he firſt entered upon it.* In page 44, he tells us, *thus, I think, I have fully demonſtrated my firſt Propoſition.* As he has not thought proper to inform us what theſe *great Lines of Conduct* are (perhaps like Hogarth's Line of Beauty) from which the right honourable Perſon *was forced to deviate*; nor told us, why, or by whom he was thus forced, we cannot be quite convinced, that he has demonſtrated his firſt Propoſition. But how demonſtrated? By a tedious Detail of Injuries, committed againſt us by Spain: a Detail of uncertain, unauthenticated Facts. Let me not ſeem to ſuſpect the Writer's own Belief of theſe Facts, but granting them true; granting that Mr Pitt was convinced of their Truth, yet it never can be demonſtrated either from their Truth, or his Conviction, that his

his Reſignation was neceſſary to his Safety. The Rectitude or Errour of his Conduct in this Inſtance ariſes from the Reaſon, which he himſelf hath given for it, that he was *no longer allowed to guide.*

THE great Chillingworth repeatedly cries out, the Bible, the Bible is the Religion of Proteſtants. Thus would I repeat, the Law, the Law is the Britiſh Conſtitution. Where therefore is the Law, by which Mr Pitt's Safety could have been affected, if he had continued in Office, after the Meaſure he propoſed of declaring War againſt Spain was rejected? "But evil Councellors are liable by the "Law to puniſhment." True; and may they ever be liable. Yet the Miniſter, who does not give any Counſel; who enters his Proteſt againſt the Counſel, given by others, ſhall he be liable to Puniſhment, as an evil Councellor? If for the ſake of preſerving that Unanimity, ſo neceſſary at this dangerous Criſis of our Affairs; if in a modeſt Diffidence of his own Judgement, or a leſs outrageous Contempt for that of others, Mr Pitt had ſilently complied with the united Opinions of His Majeſty himſelf, and all the Members of the Cabinet, could ſuch Compliance be imputed to him as a Crime; could it endanger his Safety? If there is any Law, that declares the Guilt of ſuch Compliance, or threatens his Safety for it, let it be produced; or let it never be urged hereafter, even by his Fears, whether they be real, or affected. At the ſame Time, let this Writer, ſo learned in *the Principles and Maxims of the Britiſh Conſtitution*, inform us, where it acknowledges even the Being of a *ſole, directing, guiding* Miniſter, ſince upon ſuch a ſuppoſed Acknowledgement he reſts his Defence of Mr Pitt's Reſignation. No; the Conſtitution diſclaims, abhors and dreads even the Idea of ſuch a Miniſter.

It is the peculiar Excellence of this Conſtitution, that the Powers of Government are divided among the three Eſtates of which it is compoſed. Should any one of theſe Eſtates become poſſeſſed of more than its proper ſhare of Power, the Conſtitution, with all its Bleſſings of Religion, Liberty and Property, is inſtantly diſſolved. The King becomes a Tyrant, the Houſe of Lords an Ariſtocracy, and the People a Democracy. Shall one Man therefore, a ſimple Citizen, dare to aſſume to himſelf all the different Powers of Government? Shall he preſume to make War and Peace? Shall he raiſe Armies, fit out Fleets, plan Expeditions, and laviſh away the publick Treaſure, under this new-invented Title, *a guiding* Miniſter. The very Claim of ſuch a Power is an inſolent Outrage to the Laws and Conſtitution and Liberty of our Country. If any one Man were capable of executing ſuch a Power, yet (I ſpeak with all poſſible Reverence and Reſpect) never ſhould it be intruſted, no, not for a Moment to any one Man, even TO THE BEST OF SOVEREIGNS.

If among the great Lines of this Gentleman's Conduct, he determined never to join in any Meaſure, which he was not *allowed to guide*; or, in ſomewhat modeſter Language, if he reſolved to reſign, whenever he was unable to convince the other Members of the Council, of the Wiſdom, the Juſtice, or Utility of the Meaſures he propoſed, permit me to aſk, what muſt be the Conſequence, if every other Member, (and his equal Right, I preſume, will not be denied) ſhould take the ſame Reſolution? In vain will his Majeſty call together a Number of his Servants for their Advice in Matters of Doubt and Importance, if each of them in his Turn, may withdraw himſelf from his Duty to his Country, if indeed any ſuch Duty be acknowledged, whenever his Opinion is contradicted.

But it ſeems the right honourable Perſon is not diſabled by his Reſignation, *from offering his opinion to his Majeſty, his Parliament and his Council, with as much Freedom, and with more weight, than he could have had, had he retained the Seals of his Office.* Conduct of a right honourable Perſon, *&c.* Page 3. In what manner he will exert his Abilities, or ſhew forth his Zeal for his Country, and his inviolable Attachment to the Intereſts of the People, he probably has not yet determined. Perhaps, he will endeavour to convince the Houſe of Commons, that he is endowed with ſome peculiar Spirit, ſome certain ſuperior Inſtinct, fitted for planning and executing all the great Meaſures of Government. But I truly hold it of little Importance to the State of the Nation, whether he ſits in the ſilence of his Penſion, or riſes, in the Spleen of diſappointed Ambition, a futile Declaimer againſt the Meaſures of Government.

F I N I S.